ROMANS

SATURNINUS	*eldest son of the recently deceased Emperor of Rome, later Emperor*
BASSIANUS	*younger brother of Saturninus*
TITUS Andronicus	*a Roman nobleman, general against the Goths*
MARCUS Andronicus	*a tribune of the people, brother of Titus*
LUCIUS QUINTUS MARTIUS MUTIUS	*the surviving sons of Titus Andronicus (in descending order of age)*
LAVINIA	*only daughter of Titus Andronicus, betrothed to Bassianus*
Young Lucius, *a* BOY	*son of Lucius*
PUBLIUS	*son of Marcus Andronicus*
SEMPRONIUS CAIUS VALENTINE	*kinsmen of the Andronici*
EMILLIUS	*a Roman*
CAPTAIN	
MESSENGER	
NURSE	
CLOWN	
Other ROMANS	*including Senators, Tribunes, Soldiers and Attendants*

GOTHS

TAMORA	*Queen of the Goths and later Empress of Rome by marriage to Saturninus*
ALARBUS DEMETRIUS CHIRON	*the sons of Tamora (in descending order of age)*
AARON	*a Moor in the service of Tamora, her lover*
Other GOTHS	*forming an army*

1.1 *Flourish. Enter the* Tribunes *including* MARCUS Andronicus *and Senators aloft. And then enter below* SATURNINUS *and his followers at one door, and* BASSIANUS *and his followers at the other, with drums and colours.*

SATURNINUS Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms.
And countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

BASSIANUS
Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

MARCUS [*aloft, with the crown*]
Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice
In election for the Roman empery
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, trained up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride; five times he hath returned
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field {and at this day
To the monument of the Andronici
Done sacrifice of expiation,
And slain the noblest prisoner of the Goths}.
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, by honour of his name
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

SATURNINUS
How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts.

BASSIANUS Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends
And to my fortune's and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weighed.
Exeunt his Soldiers.

SATURNINUS
Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person and the cause.
Exeunt his Soldiers.
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

BASSIANUS Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
Flourish. They go up into the Senate House.

Enter a Captain.

CAPTAIN Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returned
From where he circumscribed with his sword
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of Titus' Sons, *and then two men bearing a coffin covered with black, then two other* Sons, *then* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and then, as prisoners,* TAMORA, *the Queen of Goths, and her three sons,* ALARBUS, CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS, *with* AARON *the Moor, and others as many as can be. Then set down the coffin and Titus speaks.*

TITUS Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged his freight
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To resalute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead:
These that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons unburied yet

To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*They open the tomb.*]
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars.
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store
That thou wilt never render to me more!

LUCIUS Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.

TITUS I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

TAMORA [*kneeling*]
Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son!
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs, and return
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke?
But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful.
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

TITUS Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren whom your Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice.
To this your son is marked, and die he must,
T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

LUCIUS Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our swords upon a pile of wood
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

Exeunt Titus' Sons with Alarbus.

TAMORA [*rising*] O cruel, irreligious piety!

CHIRON Was never Scythia half so barbarous!

DEMETRIUS Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved, but hope withal
The self-same gods that armed the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths
(When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen),
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sons *of Andronicus again.*

LUCIUS See, lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopped
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

TITUS Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[*Sound trumpets, and lay the coffin in the tomb.*]
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps.
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned drugs, here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

Enter LAVINIA.

LAVINIA In peace and honour, live Lord Titus long:
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies,
[*kneeling*] And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on this earth for thy return to Rome.
O bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

TITUS Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart.
Lavinia live, outlive thy father's days
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.
[*Lavinia rises.*]

Enter MARCUS *below.*

MARCUS Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

TITUS Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

MARCUS And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus* then and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.
[*Offers robe.*]

TITUS A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What, should I don this robe and trouble you?

Be chosen with proclamations today,
Tomorrow yield up rule, resign my life
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world.
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

MARCUS Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

SATURNINUS [*aloft*]
Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

TITUS Patience, prince Saturninus.

SATURNINUS [*aloft*] Romans, do me right.
Patricians, draw your swords and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, would thou were shipped to hell
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

LUCIUS Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee.

TITUS Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

BASSIANUS [*aloft*] Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die.
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

TITUS People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages.
Will ye bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

TRIBUNES [*aloft*] To gratify the good Andronicus
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

TITUS Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,
That you create our emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal –
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him and say, 'Long live our emperor!'

MARCUS With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say, 'Long live our emperor Saturnine!'
[*A long flourish till they come down*]

SATURNINUS Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness.
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

TITUS It doth, my worthy lord, and in this match
I hold me highly honoured of your grace,
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
[*Titus' sword and prisoners are handed over to Saturninus.*]

SATURNINUS Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life.
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealty to me.

TITUS [*to Tamora*]
Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor,
To him that for your honour and your state
Will use you nobly and your followers.

SATURNINUS A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose were I to choose anew.
[*to Tamora*] Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome;
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

LAVINIA Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

SATURNINUS Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
[*Sound drums and trumpets. Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius and Aaron are released.*]

BASSIANUS [*seizing Lavinia*]
Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

TITUS How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

BASSIANUS Ay, noble Titus, and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

MARCUS *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUCIUS [*joining Bassianus*]
And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

TITUS Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord – Lavinia is surprised.

SATURNINUS Surprised? By whom?

BASSIANUS By him that justly may
Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

MUTIUS Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
Bassianus, Marcus and Titus' Sons bear Lavinia out of one door.

TITUS Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Saturninus does not follow, but exit at the other door with Tamora, her two Sons and Aaron the Moor.

MUTIUS My lord, you pass not here.

TITUS What, villain boy, barr'st me my way in Rome?

[*He kills him.*]

MUTIUS Help, Lucius, help!

LUCIUS [*returning*]

My lord, you are unjust, and more than so:
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TITUS Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

LUCIUS Dead if you will, but not to be his wife
That is another's lawful promised love. *Exit.*

Enter aloft the Emperor *with* TAMORA *and her two* Sons *and* AARON *the Moor.*

SATURNINUS [*aloft*]

No, Titus, no, the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock.
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine
That saidst I begged the empire at thy hands.

TITUS

O monstrous! What reproachful words are these?

SATURNINUS [*aloft*]

But go thy ways, go give that changing piece
To him that flourished for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy,
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

TITUS These words are razors to my wounded heart.

SATURNINUS [*aloft*]

And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and everything
In readiness for Hymenaeus stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

TAMORA [*aloft*]

And here in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SATURNINUS [*aloft*]

Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered.
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

Exeunt omnes except Titus.

TITUS I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs?

Enter MARCUS *and Titus' three remaining* Sons.

MARCUS O Titus, see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

TITUS No, foolish tribune, no. No son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonoured all our family –
Unworthy brother and unworthy sons.

LUCIUS But let us give him burial as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

TITUS Traitors, away! He rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified.
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

MARCUS My lord, this is impiety in you;
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.

2, 3 SONS And shall, or him we will accompany.

TITUS And shall? What villain was it spake that word?

2 SON He that would vouch it in any place but here.

TITUS What, would you bury him in my despite?

MARCUS No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

TITUS Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

3 SON He is not with himself, let us withdraw.

2 SON Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*]

MARCUS Brother, for in that name doth nature plead –

2 SON Father, and in that name doth nature speak –

TITUS Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

MARCUS Renowned Titus, more than half my soul –

LUCIUS Dear father, soul and substance of us all –

MARCUS Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barred his entrance here.

TITUS Rise, Marcus, rise. [*They rise.*]

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw:
To be dishonoured by my sons in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*They put him in the tomb.*]

LUCIUS
There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends',
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

MARCUS & TITUS' SONS [*kneeling*]
No man shed tears for noble Mutius:
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Exeunt all but Marcus and Titus.

MARCUS My lord – to step out of these dreary dumps –
How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

TITUS I know not, Marcus, but I know it is –
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?

[F]MARCUS Yes – and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.[F] *Enter the* Emperor, TAMORA *and her two* Sons, *with the Moor at one door. Enter at the other door* BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA, *with Titus' three* Sons.

SATURNINUS
So, Bassianus, you have played your prize.
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

BASSIANUS And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

SATURNINUS
Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

BASSIANUS
'Rape' call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile am I possessed of that is mine.

SATURNINUS
'Tis good, sir. You are very short with us.
But if we live we'll be as sharp with you.

BASSIANUS My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wronged,
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son
In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath
To be controlled in that he frankly gave.
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath expressed himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

TITUS Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou and those that have dishonoured me.
[*Kneels.*]
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge
How I have loved and honoured Saturnine!

TAMORA [*to Saturninus*]
My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all,
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

SATURNINUS What, madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

TAMORA Not so, my lord. The gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.
Then at my suit look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
[*aside to Saturninus*] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents.
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats – and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons
To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.
[*aloud*] Come, come, sweet emperor – come, Andronicus –
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

SATURNINUS
Rise, Titus, rise: my empress hath prevailed.

TITUS [*rising*] I thank your majesty and her, my lord;
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

TAMORA Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have passed
My word and promise to the emperor
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia:
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
[*Titus' Sons kneel.*]

LUCIUS We do, and vow to heaven and to his highness
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

MARCUS [*kneeling*]
That on mine honour here do I protest.

SATURNINUS Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

TAMORA
Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends;
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.
SATURNINUS
Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
[*Marcus and Titus' Sons stand up.*]
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
TITUS Tomorrow, and it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bonjour*.
SATURNINUS Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.
Sound trumpets. Exeunt all except the Moor.

[2.1]

AARON Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach
And overlooks the highest-peering hills,
So Tamora.
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? – to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren that will charm Rome's Saturnine
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
Hallo, what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS, *braving.*

DEMETRIUS
Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wits want edge
And manners to intrude where I am graced
And may, for aught thou knowest, affected be.
CHIRON Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace,
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
AARON [*aside*]
Clubs, clubs! These lovers will not keep the peace.
DEMETRIUS Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to, have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.
CHIRON Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
DEMETRIUS Ay boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]
AARON Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare ye draw
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns,
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
DEMETRIUS Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.
CHIRON For that I am prepared and full resolved,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunderest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
AARON Away, I say.
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broached
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware – and should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.
CHIRON I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
DEMETRIUS
Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice;
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
AARON Why, are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
CHIRON Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose
T'achieve her whom I love.
AARON T'achieve her how?
DEMETRIUS Why makes thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man, more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.
AARON [*aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.
DEMETRIUS
Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
AARON Why then, it seems some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
CHIRON Ay, so the turn were served.
DEMETRIUS Aaron, thou hast hit it.
AARON Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools
To square for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?
CHIRON Faith, not me.
DEMETRIUS Nor me, so I were one.
AARON For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop.
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint withal what we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advice
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears;
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull:
There speak and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
CHIRON Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
DEMETRIUS *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Stygia, per manes vehor. *Exeunt.*

2.1 *Enter* TITUS ANDRONICUS *and his three* Sons, *and* MARCUS, *making a noise with hounds and horns.* [2.2]

TITUS The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully.
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal; then enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS *and their Attendants.*

Many good morrows to your majesty;
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
SATURNINUS And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
BASSIANUS Lavinia, how say you?
LAVINIA I say no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
SATURNINUS
Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. [*to Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.
MARCUS I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase
And climb the highest promontory top.
TITUS And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way and runs like swallows o'er the plain.
DEMETRIUS [*aside*]
Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

2.2 *Enter* AARON *alone, with a money-bag.* [2.3]

AARON He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy.
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.
[*Hides the money-bag.*]

Enter TAMORA *alone, to the Moor.*

TAMORA
My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?

The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snakes lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a chequered shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yellowing noise;
And after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoyed,
When with a happy storm they were surprised
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

AARON Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus,
His Philomel must lose her tongue today,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? Take it up, I pray thee,
[*Gives letter.*]
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more: we are espied.
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

TAMORA Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

AARON No more, great empress: Bassianus comes.
Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. *Exit.*

BASSIANUS Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

TAMORA Saucy controller of my private steps,
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actaeon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art.

LAVINIA Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds today:
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

BASSIANUS Believe me, queen, your swart Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested and abominable.
Why are you sequestered from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAVINIA And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. [*to Bassianus*] I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-coloured love.
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BASSIANUS The king my brother shall have note of this.

LAVINIA Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

TAMORA Why, I have patience to endure all this.

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS
How now, dear sovereign and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAMORA Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'ticed me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe;
Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.
And when they showed me this abhorred pit,
They told me here at dead time of the night
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they called me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth called my children.

DEMETRIUS This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs him.*]

CHIRON
And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*He also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*]

LAVINIA Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

TAMORA
Give me the poniard. You shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

DEMETRIUS Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her:
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that quaint hope braves your mightiness.
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

CHIRON And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAMORA But when ye have the honey we desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

CHIRON I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

LAVINIA O Tamora, thou bearest a woman's face –

TAMORA I will not hear her speak; away with her!

LAVINIA Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

DEMETRIUS [*to Tamora*]
Listen, fair madam, let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

LAVINIA
When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath: she taught it thee.
The milk thou suckst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
[*to Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman's pity.

CHIRON
What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

LAVINIA 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark.
Yet have I heard – O, could I find it now –
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests.
O be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

TAMORA I know not what it means; away with her!

LAVINIA O, let me teach thee for my father's sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee.
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

TAMORA Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her and use her as you will:
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

LAVINIA [*clinging to Tamora*]
O Tamora, be called a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place.
For 'tis not life that I have begged so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

TAMORA
What begg'st thou then, fond woman? Let me go!

LAVINIA 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O, keep me from their worse-than-killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit
Where never man's eye may behold my body.
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAMORA So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

DEMETRIUS [*to Lavinia*]
Away, for thou hast stayed us here too long.

LAVINIA
No grace? No womanhood? Ah, beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our general name,
Confusion fall –

CHIRON Nay then, I'll stop your mouth.
[*Grabs her, covering her mouth.*]
[*to Demetrius*] Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

Demetrius throws Bassianus' body into the pit, he and Chiron then exeunt, dragging Lavinia.

TAMORA
Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. *Exit.*

Enter AARON *with two of Titus' sons,* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

AARON Come on, my lords, the better foot before.
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

QUINTUS My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MARTIUS
And mine, I promise you; were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[*Falls into the pit.*]

QUINTUS
What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briers
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distilled on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MARTIUS [*from below*]
O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

AARON [*aside*]
Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother.
Exit.

MARTIUS [*from below*]
Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallowed and bloodstained hole?
QUINTUS I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
MARTIUS [*from below*]
To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
QUINTUS Aaron is gone and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O tell me who it is, for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.
MARTIUS [*from below*]
Lord Bassianus lies berayed in blood
All on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
QUINTUS If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
MARTIUS [*from below*]
Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring that lightens all this hole,
Which like a taper in some monument
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit.
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand –
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath –
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
QUINTUS [*Reaches into pit.*]
Reach me thy hand that I may help thee out
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink –
MARTIUS [*from below*]
Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
QUINTUS Thy hand once more; I will not loose again
Till thou art here aloft or I below.
Thou canst not come to me – I come to thee.
[*Falls into the pit.*]

Enter the Emperor *and* AARON *the Moor, with Attendants.*

SATURNINUS Along with me! I'll see what hole is here
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
[*Speaks into the pit.*]
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
MARTIUS [*from below*]
The unhappy sons of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
SATURNINUS
My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest;
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase.
'Tis not an hour since I left them there.
MARTIUS [*from below*]
We know not where you left them all alive,
But, out alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, TITUS ANDRONICUS *and* LUCIUS.

TAMORA Where is my lord the king?
SATURNINUS
Here, Tamora, though gride with killing grief.
TAMORA Where is thy brother Bassianus?
SATURNINUS
Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
TAMORA Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy,
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
[*She giveth Saturnine a letter.*]
SATURNINUS [*Reads.*]
And if we miss to meet him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman – Bassianus 'tis we mean –
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.
O Tamora, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit and this the elder tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murdered Bassianus here.
AARON [*finding the money-bag*]
My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
SATURNINUS [*to Titus*]
Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison.
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
TAMORA What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered.
[*Attendants pull Quintus, Martius and Bassianus' body from the pit.*]
TITUS [*kneeling*] High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed:
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed if the fault be proved in them –
SATURNINUS If it be proved? You see it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
TAMORA Andronicus himself did take it up.
TITUS I did, my lord, yet let me be their bail,
For by my fathers' reverend tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

SATURNINUS
Thou shalt not bail them. See thou follow me.
Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers.
Let them not speak a word: the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death
That end upon them should be executed.
TAMORA Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.
TITUS [*rising*]
Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
Exeunt, some taking the body, some guarding the prisoners.

2.3 *Enter* the *Empress'* Sons *with* LAVINIA, [2.4]
her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and ravished.

DEMETRIUS So, now go tell, and if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.
CHIRON Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.
DEMETRIUS
See how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.
CHIRON Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
DEMETRIUS
She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.
CHIRON And 'twere my cause, I should go hang myself.
DEMETRIUS
If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
Exeunt Chiron and Demetrius.

Wind horns. Enter MARCUS *from hunting.*
Lavinia runs away.

MARCUS Who is this – my niece that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word. Where is your husband?
[*Lavinia turns.*]
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I do wake, some planet strike me down
That I may slumber an eternal sleep.
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Hath lopped and hewed and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in
And might not gain so great a happiness
As half thy love. Why dost not speak to me?
[*Lavinia opens her mouth.*]
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some Tereus hath deflowered thee
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame,
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say 'tis so?
O that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopped,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee.
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sewed than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touched them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropped his knife and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go and make thy father blind,
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads:
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! *Exeunt.*

3.1 *Enter the Tribunes as judges and the Senators,*
with Titus' two Sons QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS
bound, passing to the place of execution, and
TITUS *going before pleading.*

TITUS Hear me, grave fathers; noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watched,
And for these bitter tears which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls is not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
[*Andronicus lieth down, and the judges pass by him.*]
For these two, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears staunch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
Exeunt all but Titus.
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain
That shall distil from these two ancient ruins
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow
And keep eternal springtime on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS *with his weapon drawn.*

O reverend tribunes, O gentle aged men,

Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.
LUCIUS O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
TITUS Ah Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you –
LUCIUS My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.
TITUS Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
{And bootless unto them.}
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes
For that they will not intercept my tale.
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears and seem to weep with me,
And were they but attired in grave weeds
Rome could afford no tribunes like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?
LUCIUS To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.
TITUS [*rising*]
O happy man, they have befriended thee!
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine. How happy art thou then
From these devourers to be banished.
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *with* LAVINIA.

MARCUS Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
TITUS Will it consume me? Let me see it then.
MARCUS This was thy daughter.
TITUS Why, Marcus, so she is.
LUCIUS [*falling to his knees*] Ay me, this object kills me.
TITUS Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her.
[*Lucius rises.*]
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like Nilus it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nursed this woe in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service is but vain.
LUCIUS Speak, gentle sister: who hath martyred thee?
MARCUS O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.
LUCIUS O, say thou for her: who hath done this deed?
MARCUS O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wound.
TITUS It was my dear, and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he killed me dead.
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environed with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banished man,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee;
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus, ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gathered lily almost withered.
MARCUS
Perchance she weeps because they killed her husband,
Perchance because she knows them innocent.
TITUS If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed:
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle and thy brother Lucius
And thou and I sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
How they are stained like meadows yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness
And made a brine pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? Let us that have our tongues
Plot some device of further misery
To make us wondered at in time to come.
LUCIUS Sweet father, cease your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
MARCUS
Patience, dear niece; good Titus, dry thine eyes.
[*Gives handkerchief.*]
TITUS Ah Marcus, Marcus, brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine own.
LUCIUS Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
TITUS Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His napkin with his true tears all bewet
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON *the Moor alone.*

AARON Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word: that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the king, he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive –
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
TITUS O gracious emperor, O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart I'll send the emperor my hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
LUCIUS Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine
That hath thrown down so many enemies
Shall not be sent. My hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
MARCUS
Which of your hands hath not defended Rome
And reared aloft the bloody battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's casque?
O, none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle: let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
AARON Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.
MARCUS My hand shall go.
LUCIUS By heaven it shall not go.
TITUS
Sirs, strive no more. Such withered herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up – and therefore mine.
LUCIUS Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
MARCUS And for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.
TITUS Agree between you: I will spare my hand.
LUCIUS Then I'll go fetch an axe.
MARCUS But I will use the axe.

Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.

TITUS Come hither, Aaron. I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand and I will give thee mine.
AARON [*aside*] If that be called deceit, I will be honest
And never whilst I live deceive men so.
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say ere half an hour pass.
[*He cuts off Titus' hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS *again.*

TITUS
Now stay your strife; what shall be is dispatched.
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand.
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it:
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price,
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.
AARON I go, Andronicus, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
[*aside*] Their heads I mean. O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fools do good and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. *Exit.*
TITUS O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth. [*Kneels.*]
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call. [*Lavinia kneels.*]
What, wouldst thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.
MARCUS O brother, speak with possibility,
And do not break into these deep extremes.
TITUS Is not my sorrows deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.
MARCUS But yet let reason govern thy lament.
TITUS If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swollen face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea. Hark how her sighs doth blow.
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth.
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge overflowed and drowned,
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger *with two heads and a hand.*

[*Titus and Lavinia may rise here.*]

MESSENGER Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy grief their sports, thy resolution mocked,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes
More than remembrance of my father's death.
Sets down heads and hand, exit.

MARCUS Now let hot Etna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

LUCIUS
Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[*Lavinia kisses the heads.*]

MARCUS Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

TITUS When will this fearful slumber have an end?

MARCUS Now farewell flattery, die Andronicus.
Thou dost not slumber. See thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,
Thy other banished son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes.
Now is a time to storm. Why art thou still?

TITUS Ha, ha, ha!

MARCUS Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour.

TITUS Why? I have not another tear to shed.
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy
And would usurp upon my watery eyes
And make them blind with tributary tears.
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be returned again
Even in their throats that hath committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
[*They make a vow.*]
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear.
And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employed:
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight:
Thou art an exile and thou must not stay;
Hie to the Goths and raise an army there,
And if ye love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
They kiss. Exeunt. Lucius remains.

LUCIUS Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The woefull'st man that ever lived in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again;
He loves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. *Exit Lucius.*

3.2 *A banquet. Enter* TITUS ANDRONICUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA *and the* BOY, Young Lucius.

TITUS So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours. [*They sit.*]
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot.
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast,
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.
[*to Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans,
Or get some little knife between thy teeth
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

MARCUS Fie, brother, fie! Teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TITUS How now, has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands
To bid Aeneas tell the tale twice o'er
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.

Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says:
I can interpret all her martyred signs –
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brewed with her sorrow, mashed upon her cheeks.
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought.
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.
BOY Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
MARCUS Alas, the tender boy in passion moved
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
TITUS Peace, tender sapling, thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
MARCUS At that that I have killed, my lord – a fly.
TITUS Out on thee, murderer. Thou kill'st my heart.
Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny;
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.
MARCUS Alas, my lord, I have but killed a fly.
TITUS 'But'?
How if that fly had a father and a mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buzz lamenting doings in the air.
Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody
Came here to make us merry, and thou hast killed
him.
MARCUS Pardon me, sir, it was a black ill-favoured fly,
Like to the empress' Moor. Therefore I killed him.
TITUS Oh, Oh, Oh!
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife; I will insult on him,
Flattering myself as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
[*Takes knife and strikes.*]
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah!
Yet I think we are not brought so low
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
MARCUS Alas, poor man! Grief has so wrought on him
He takes false shadows for true substances.
TITUS Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me;
I'll to thy closet and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.
Exeunt.[F]

4.1 *Enter Lucius' son* Young Lucius *and* LAVINIA *running after him, and the* BOY *flies from her with his books under his arm. He drops the books. Enter* TITUS *and* MARCUS.

BOY Help, grandsire, help! My aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
MARCUS Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.
TITUS She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
BOY Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.
MARCUS What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
TITUS
Fear her not, Lucius – somewhat doth she mean.
MARCUS See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee;
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's *Orator*.
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
BOY My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her.
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft
Extremity of griefs would make men mad,
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad for sorrow. That made me to fear,
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me down to throw my books and fly,
Causeless perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt,
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
MARCUS Lucius, I will. [*Lavinia turns over the books.*]
TITUS How now, Lavinia? Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
[*to Lavinia*] But thou art deeper read and better
skilled:
Come and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow till the heavens
Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
MARCUS
I think she means that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was –
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
TITUS Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
BOY Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;
My mother gave it me.
MARCUS For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she culled it from among the rest.
TITUS Soft, so busily she turns the leaves! [*Helps her.*]
What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape –

And rape, I fear, was root of thy annoy.
MARCUS
See, brother, see: note how she quotes the leaves.
TITUS Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravished and wronged as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast and gloomy woods?
[*Lavinia nods.*] See, see!
Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt –
O, had we never, never hunted there! –
Patterned by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
MARCUS O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
TITUS
Give signs, sweet girl – for here are none but friends –
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed.
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
MARCUS
Sit down, sweet niece. Brother, sit down by me.
[*They sit.*] Apollo, Pallas, Jove or Mercury
Inspire me, that I may this treason find.
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.
[*He writes his name with his staff,*
and guides it with feet and mouth.]
This sandy plot is plain. Guide, if thou canst,
This after me. I here have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift.
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last
What God will have discovered for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth.
[*She takes the staff in her mouth,*
and guides it with her stumps, and writes.]
O do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
TITUS *Stuprum – Chiron – Demetrius.*
MARCUS What, what? The lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous bloody deed?
TITUS *Magni dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?
MARCUS O calm thee, gentle lord, although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,
[*They kneel.*]
And swear with me – as, with the woeful fere
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,
Lord Junius Brutus swore for Lucrece' rape –
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
[*They rise.*]
TITUS 'Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake, and if she wind ye once
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus. Let alone,
And come, I will go get a leaf of brass
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by. The angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,
And where's our lesson then? Boy, what say you?
BOY I say, my lord, that if I were a man
Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe
For these base bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
MARCUS Ay, that's my boy! Thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.
BOY And, uncle, so will I, and if I live.
TITUS Come, go with me into mine armoury:
Lucius, I'll fit thee, and withal my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?
BOY Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.
TITUS No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court.
Ay, marry, will we, sir, and we'll be waited on.
Exeunt all but Marcus.
MARCUS O heavens, can you hear a good man groan
And not relent or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his battered shield,
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! *Exit.*

4.2 *Enter* AARON, CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS
at one door, and at the other door Young Lucius
and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses
writ upon them.

CHIRON Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius:
He hath some message to deliver us.
AARON
Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
BOY My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus –
[*aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both.
DEMETRIUS
Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news?
BOY [*aside*]
That you are both deciphered, that's the news,
For villains marked with rape.
[*to them*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say,

And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
[*Attendant presents the weapons.*]
And so I leave you both [*aside*] like bloody villains.
Exit with Attendant.

DEMETRIUS
What's here? A scroll, and written round about?
Let's see:
[*Reads.*] *Integer vitae, scelerisque purus,*
Non eget Mauri iaculis, nec arcu.

CHIRON O, 'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

AARON Ay, just – a verse in Horace, right, you have it.
[*aside*] Now what a thing it is to be an ass.
Here's no sound jest! The old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapped about with lines
That wound beyond their feeling to the quick.
But were our witty empress well afoot
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.
[*to them*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

DEMETRIUS But me more good to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

AARON Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

DEMETRIUS I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

CHIRON A charitable wish, and full of love.

AARON Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

CHIRON
And that would she, for twenty thousand more.

DEMETRIUS Come, let us go and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

AARON Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.
[*Trumpets sound.*]

DEMETRIUS
Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

CHIRON Belike for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEMETRIUS Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurse *with a blackamoor child.*

NURSE Good morrow, lords.
O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

AARON Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all:
Here Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?

NURSE O gentle Aaron, we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

AARON Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thy arms?

NURSE O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace:
She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

AARON To whom?

NURSE I mean she is brought abed.

AARON
Well, God give her good rest. What hath he sent her?

NURSE A devil.

AARON Why then, she is the devil's dam: a joyful issue.

NURSE A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fair-faced breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

AARON Zounds, ye whore, is black so base a hue?
[*to the baby*] Sweet blowze, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

DEMETRIUS Villain, what hast thou done?

AARON That which thou canst not undo.

CHIRON Thou hast undone our mother.

AARON Villain, I have done thy mother.

DEMETRIUS
And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
Woe to her chance and damned her loathed choice,
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend.

CHIRON It shall not live.

AARON It shall not die.

NURSE Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

AARON What, must it, nurse? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEMETRIUS
I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

AARON Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Draws his sword and takes the child.*]
Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this, my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys,
Ye white-limed walls, ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

DEMETRIUS Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

AARON My mistress is my mistress, this myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth.
This before all the world do I prefer,
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

DEMETRIUS By this our mother is for ever shamed.
CHIRON Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
NURSE The emperor in his rage will doom her death.
CHIRON I blush to think upon this ignomy.
AARON Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of thy heart.
Here's a young lad framed of another leer:
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self blood that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprisoned were
He is enfranchised and come to light.
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
NURSE Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
DEMETRIUS Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done
And we will all subscribe to thy advice.
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
AARON Then sit we down and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you.
Keep there. [*They sit.*]
Now talk at pleasure of your safety.
DEMETRIUS [*to the Nurse*]
How many women saw this child of his?
AARON Why, so, brave lords, when we join in league
I am a lamb – but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean, swells not so as Aaron storms.
[*to the Nurse*] But say again, how many saw the child?
NURSE Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the delivered empress.
AARON The empress, the midwife and yourself.
Two may keep counsel when the third's away.
Go to the empress, tell her this I said: [*He kills her.*]
'Wheak, wheak!' – so cries a pig prepared to the spit.
[*All stand up.*]
DEMETRIUS
What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?
AARON O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongued, babbling gossip? No, lords, no.
And now be it known to you, my full intent.
Not far one Muly lives, my countryman:
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
Go pack with him and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanced
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords, you see I have given her physic,
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
CHIRON Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.
DEMETRIUS For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
Exeunt Chiron and Demetrius, with the Nurse's body.
AARON Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I'll bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts.
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And fat on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp. *Exit.*

4.3 *Enter* TITUS, OLD MARCUS, Young Lucius, *and other Gentlemen, Marcus' son* PUBLIUS*; kinsmen of the Andronici,* CAIUS *and* SEMPRONIUS *with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the ends of them.*

TITUS Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir Boy, let me see your archery.
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astraea reliquit: be you remembered, Marcus,
She's gone, she's fled. Sirs, take you to your tools.
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean
And cast your nets:
Happily you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land.
No, Publius and Sempronius, you must do it,
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth.
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you deliver him this petition.
Tell him it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearched:
This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.
MARCUS O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?
PUBLIUS Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns
By day and night t'attend him carefully
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.
MARCUS Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy,
But let us live in hope that Lucius will

Join with the Goths and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.
TITUS Publius, how now? How now, my masters?
What, have you met with her?
PUBLIUS No, my good lord, but Pluto sends you word
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall.
Marry, for Justice, she is so employed,
He thinks with Jove in heaven or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.
TITUS He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus:
[*He gives them the arrows.*]
'*Ad Jovem*', that's for you; here, '*ad Apollinem*';
'*Ad Martem*', that's for myself;
Here, boy, 'to Pallas'; here, 'to Mercury';
'To Saturn', Caius – not to Saturnine:
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy; Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect:
There's not a god left unsolicited.
MARCUS
Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court;
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
TITUS Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*]
O, well said, Lucius,
Good boy: in Virgo's lap! Give it Pallas.
MARCUS My lord, I aimed a mile beyond the moon:
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
TITUS Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.
MARCUS
This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The Bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the empress' villain!
She laughed and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.
TITUS Why, there it goes; God give his lordship joy.

Enter the Clown *with a basket and two pigeons in it.*

News, news, from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? Have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? What says Jupiter?
CLOWN Ho, the gibbet-maker? He says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.
TITUS But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?
CLOWN Alas, sir, I know not Jubiter, I never drank with him in all my life.
TITUS Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?
CLOWN Ay, of my pigeons, sir – nothing else.
TITUS Why, didst thou not come from heaven?
CLOWN From heaven? Alas, sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperal's men.
{MARCUS [*to Titus*] Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.
TITUS Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?
CLOWN Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.}
TITUS Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor.
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold – meanwhile here's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink. [*Writes.*]
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver up a supplication?
CLOWN Ay, sir.
TITUS [*Gives letter.*] Then here is a supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.
CLOWN I warrant you, sir, let me alone.
TITUS Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
[*to the Clown*] For thou must hold it like an humble suppliant,
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door and tell me what he says.
CLOWN God be with you, sir. I will. *Exit.*
TITUS Come, Marcus, let us go; Publius, follow me.
Exeunt.

4.4 *Enter* Emperor *and* Empress *and her two* Sons, *and Attendants. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot at him.*

SATURNINUS
Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of equal justice used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath passed
But even with law against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what and if
His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy and his bitterness?

And now he writes to heaven for his redress.
See, here's 'to Jove', and this 'to Mercury',
This 'to Apollo', this 'to the god of war':
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAMORA My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant sons
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarred his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts.
[*aside*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze withal.
But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick;
Thy life-blood out, if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

CLOWN Yea, forsooth, and your mistress-ship be emperial.

TAMORA Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

CLOWN 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you good e'en. I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*]

SATURNINUS Go, take him away and hang him presently!

CLOWN How much money must I have?

TAMORA Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

CLOWN Hanged, by'Lady? Then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. *Exit under guard.*

SATURNINUS Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butchered wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair:
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughterman,
Sly frantic wretch that holp'st to make me great
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter EMILLIUS, *a messenger.*

What news with thee, Emillius?

EMILLIUS
Arm, arm, my lords! Rome never had more cause:
The Goths have gathered head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men bent to the spoil
They hither march amain under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus,
Who threats in course of this revenge to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

SATURNINUS Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me and I hang the head
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach.
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wished that Lucius were their emperor.

TAMORA Why should you fear? Is not your city strong?

SATURNINUS Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius
And will revolt from me to succour him.

TAMORA King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit, for know thou, emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish or honey-stalks to sheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

SATURNINUS But he will not entreat his son for us.

TAMORA If Tamora entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged ears
With golden promises that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
[*to Emillius*] Go thou before to be our ambassador:
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

SATURNINUS Emillius, do this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

EMILLIUS Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.*

TAMORA Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

SATURNINUS Then go incessantly and plead to him.
Exeunt by different doors.

5.1 *Flourish. Enter* LUCIUS *with an army of* Goths *with Drums and Soldiers.*

LUCIUS Approved warriors and my faithful friends,

I have received letters from great Rome
Which signifies what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 GOTH Brave slip sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us. We'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

ALL GOTHS And as he saith, so say we all with him.

LUCIUS I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, *leading of* AARON *with his child in his arms.*

2 GOTH Renowned Lucius, from our troops I strayed
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controlled with this discourse:
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dame!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace,' – even thus he rates the babe –
'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
With this my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither
To use as you think needful of the man.

LUCIUS O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robbed Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of her burning lust.
[*to Aaron*] Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What, deaf? Not a word?
A halter, soldiers! Hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

AARON Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

LUCIUS Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl:
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A Goth brings a ladder, which Aaron is made to climb; another Goth takes the child.*]

AARON Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things
That highly may advantage thee to hear.
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'

LUCIUS
Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live and I will see it nourished.

AARON And if it please thee? Why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treasons, villainies,
Ruthful to hear yet piteously performed;
And this shall all be buried in my death
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

LUCIUS Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

AARON Swear that he shall and then I will begin.

LUCIUS
Who should I swear by? Thou believest no god.
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

AARON What if I do not? as indeed I do not –
Yet for I know thou art religious
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him, therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nurse and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

LUCIUS Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

AARON First know thou I begot him on the empress.

LUCIUS O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

AARON Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravished her
And cut her hands and trimmed her as thou sawest.

LUCIUS
O detestable villain, call'st thou that trimming?

AARON
Why, she was washed and cut and trimmed, and 'twas
Trim sport for them which had the doing of it.

LUCIUS O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

AARON Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set.
That bloody mind I think they learned of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth:
I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;

I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within that letter mentioned,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons;
And what not done that thou hast cause to rue
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I played the cheater for thy father's hand,
And when I had it, drew myself apart
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter;
I pried me through the crevice of a wall
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads,
Beheld his tears and laughed so heartily
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She sounded almost at my pleasing tale
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

1 GOTH What, canst thou say all this and never blush?

AARON Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUCIUS Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

AARON Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day – and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse –
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man or else devise his death,
Ravish a maid or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself,
Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor men's cattle break their necks,
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves
And set them upright at their dear friends' door,
Even when their sorrows almost was forgot,
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die though I am dead'.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUCIUS Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
[*Aaron is made to climb down.*]

AARON If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

LUCIUS Sirs, stop his mouth and let him speak no more.
[*Aaron is gagged.*]

Enter EMILLIUS.

A GOTH My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

LUCIUS Let him come near.
Welcome, Emillius: what's the news from Rome?

EMILLIUS Lord Lucius and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me,
And for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages
And they shall be immediately delivered.

1 GOTH What says our general?

LUCIUS Emillius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. *Flourish. They march away.*

5.2 *Enter* TAMORA *and her two* Sons, *disguised.*

TAMORA Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him
And work confusion on his enemies.

They knock, and TITUS *aloft with papers, opens his study door.*

TITUS [*aloft*] Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived, for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down,
And what is written shall be executed.

TAMORA Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

TITUS [*aloft*] No, not a word. How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

TAMORA
If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

TITUS [*aloft*] I am not mad, I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night,
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAMORA Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from th'infernal kingdom
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down and welcome me to this world's light,
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

TITUS [*aloft*]
Art thou Revenge? And art thou sent to me

To be a torment to mine enemies?
TAMORA I am, therefore come down and welcome me.
TITUS [*aloft*]
Do me some service ere I come to thee.
Lo by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge:
Stab them or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe,
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away
And find out murderers in their guilty caves;
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount and by thy waggon wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
TAMORA These are my ministers, and come with me.
TITUS [*aloft*]
Are these thy ministers? What are they called?
TAMORA Rape and Murder, therefore called so
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
TITUS [*aloft*]
Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,
And you the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. *Exit aloft.*
TAMORA This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brainsick humours
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son,
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or at the least make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS, *below.*

TITUS Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house;
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor,
And would you represent our queen aright
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome as you are. What shall we do?
TAMORA What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
DEMETRIUS Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
CHIRON Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.
TAMORA
Show me a thousand that hath done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.
TITUS [*to Demetrius*]
Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him: he's a murderer.
[*to Chiron*] Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him: he is a ravisher.
[*to Tamora*] Go thou with them, and in the emperor's court,
There is a queen attended by a Moor –
Well shalt thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee –
I pray thee, do on them some violent death:
They have been violent to me and mine.
TAMORA Well hast thou lessoned us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house?
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?
TITUS Marcus, my brother! 'Tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths.
Bid him repair to me and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths.
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.
MARCUS This will I do, and soon return again. *Exit.*
TAMORA Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
TITUS Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me –
Or else I'll call my brother back again
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
TAMORA [*aside to her Sons*]
What say you, boys, will you abide with him
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have governed our determined jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.
TITUS [*aside*]
I knew them all, though they supposed me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices –

A pair of cursed hellhounds and their dam.
DEMETRIUS Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.
TAMORA Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
TITUS I know thou dost – and sweet Revenge, farewell.
Exit Tamora.
CHIRON Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed?
TITUS Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither; Caius and Valentine.

Enter PUBLIUS, CAIUS *and* VALENTINE.

PUBLIUS What is your will?
TITUS Know you these two?
PUBLIUS
The empress' sons I take them: Chiron, Demetrius.
TITUS Fie, Publius, fie, thou art too much deceived.
The one is Murder and Rape is the other's name,
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry. *Exit.*
CHIRON Villains, forbear! We are the empress' sons.
PUBLIUS
And therefore do we what we are commanded.
[*They bind and gag them.*]
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? Look that you bind them fast.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS *with a knife, and* LAVINIA *with a basin.*

TITUS Come, come, Lavinia: look, thy foes are bound.
Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius,
Here stands the spring whom you have stained with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mixed.
You killed her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemned to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.
What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you:
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whiles that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on:
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged.
And now, prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it,
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be everyone officious
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
[*He cuts their throats.*]
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready against their mother comes.
Exeunt with the bodies.

5.3

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS *and the* Goths, *with* AARON *prisoner and one carrying his child.*

LUCIUS Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
1 GOTH And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
LUCIUS Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him
Till he be brought unto the empress' face
For testimony of her foul proceedings.
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.
AARON Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart.
LUCIUS Away, inhuman dog, unhallowed slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.
Exit Aaron under guard. Sound trumpets.
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter Emperor *and* Empress, *with Tribunes and others including* EMILLIUS.

SATURNINUS
What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
LUCIUS What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
MARCUS Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready which the careful Titus
Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league and good to Rome,
Please you therefore, draw nigh and take your places.
SATURNINUS Marcus, we will.

Trumpets sounding, a table brought in. They sit. Enter TITUS *like a cook, placing the dishes, and* LAVINIA *with a veil over her face and* Young Lucius.

TITUS
Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs. Please you, eat of it.
SATURNINUS Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?
TITUS Because I would be sure to have all well
To entertain your highness and your empress.
TAMORA We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.
TITUS And if your highness knew my heart you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stained and deflowered?
SATURNINUS It was, Andronicus.
TITUS Your reason, mighty lord?
SATURNINUS
Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
TITUS A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
[*Unveils Lavinia.*]
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.
[*He kills her.*]
SATURNINUS
What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?
TITUS
Killed her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage, and it now is done.
SATURNINUS
What, was she ravished? Tell who did the deed.
TITUS
Will't please you eat? Will't please your highness feed?
TAMORA Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
TITUS Not I, 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravished her and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
SATURNINUS Go, fetch them hither to us presently.
TITUS Why, there they are, both baked in this pie,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my knife's sharp point.
[*He stabs the Empress.*]
SATURNINUS Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.
[*He kills Titus.*]
LUCIUS Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*He kills Saturninus. Uproar. The Goths protect the Andronici, who go aloft.*]
MARCUS [*aloft*]
You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars severed, as a flight of fowl
Scattered by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O let me teach you how to knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.
A ROMAN LORD Let Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself!
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our ancestor
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To lovesick Dido's sad-attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy.
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitched our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
MARCUS [*aloft*]
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory
And break my utterance even in the time
When it should move ye to attend me most,
And force you to commiseration.
Here's Rome's young captain: let him tell the tale,
While I stand by and weep to hear him speak.
LUCIUS [*aloft*]
Then, gracious auditory, be it known to you
That Chiron and the damned Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,
And they it were that ravished our sister;
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised and basely cozened
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out
And sent her enemies unto the grave;
Lastly myself, unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out
To beg relief among Rome's enemies,
Who drowned their enmity in my true tears
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.
MARCUS [*aloft*] Now is my turn to speak.
[*Points to Aaron's baby.*] Behold the child:
Of this was Tamora delivered,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is to witness this is true,
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now have you heard the truth: what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us pleading,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will hand in hand all headlong hurl ourselves
And on the ragged stones beat forth our souls
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

EMILLIUS Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius, our emperor, for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

MARCUS [*aloft*] Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!
[*to others*] Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Exeunt some into the house. A long flourish till the Andronici come down.

ALL ROMANS Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

LUCIUS Thanks, gentle Romans. May I govern so
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe.
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task.
Stand all aloof, but, uncle, draw you near
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
[*Kisses Titus.*]
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy bloodstained face,
The last true duties of thy noble son.

MARCUS [*Kisses Titus.*]
Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

LUCIUS [*to his son*]
Come hither, boy, come, come and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee well:
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a story hath he told to thee,
And bid thee bear his pretty tales in mind
And talk of them when he was dead and gone.

MARCUS
How many thousand times hath these poor lips,
When they were living, warmed themselves on thine!
O now, sweet boy, give them their latest kiss:
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave;
Do them that kindness and take leave of them.

BOY [*Kisses Titus.*]
O grandsire, grandsire, e'en with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again.
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping,
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter AARON *under guard.*

A ROMAN You sad Andronici, have done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable wretch
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

LUCIUS Set him breast-deep in earth and famish him;
There let him stand and rave and cry for food.
If anyone relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom;
Some stay to see him fastened in the earth.

AARON
Ah, why should wrath be mute and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform if I might have my will.
If one good deed in all my life I did
I do repent it from my very soul.

LUCIUS
Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his fathers' grave;
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument;
As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weed,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial,
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to prey:
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And being dead, let birds on her take pity.

Exeunt with the bodies.